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## WESTWARD FOR EVER (A Western)



cowboy

wagon

trail

29 0 2

### Chapter 1 by Rix Quill

The canvas-covered wagon rumbled along a barely discernible trail, with a cloud of dust rising in its wake.

Jed sat uncomfortably in the driver's seat, reigns in one gloved hand, whip in the other. It was a particularly bright morning and this driver had his brown hat pulled close over his eyes.

The rhythm of the four horses' hooves, synchronised on the stoney track, lulled Jed into a sleepy state. He wasn't used to riding a big outfit such as this, but he had no choice; the proper driver having been shot dead some miles back.

Next to Jed, pointing a rifle into Jed's rib, sat that very killer whom Jed thought was the wanted fugitive Kern Dylan from Oregon.

"Horses need a rest," said Jed.

Dylan poked the rifle further into Jed's ribcage. "Who are you to know when a wagon mule needs a rest? Now you keep on drivin' till I say stop or we reach Sterngulf. Meanwhile, I'll be

gettin' acquainted with your lovely horses back there" and he nodded towards the wagon.

Dylan stood up, drew back the rifle, and fired a shot into the dark interior of the wagon, adding, "If I even hear you

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"Yes sir." And Jed cracked his whip and the horses sped.

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